

Full Moon

November

3



# Content

# Credits

(Whom To Blame)

A Word From The Editor	
Opinionated: Flaming Wheelchairs of Death	4
Speaker's Corner: The Rat Race	6
Fortuna	7
The Sound of...: Melissa Etheridge	10
SoundScape	11
Hollywood Minute	13

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# A Word From The Editor

Harvey Lee

"You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy."  
-Ben Kenobi: *Star Wars*

You guessed it people. We're gonna talk about **WARP 1**. As some of you know, they're moving to a new location. Or should of by now. They're movin' into a larger locale, just so they could have more overpriced stuph to force...I mean, "sell" to you hard working customers. I can't wait til they lay the damn carpet, much less rip-off the first 5 million customers. You're probably wondering if I have any bad feelings for **WARP**. In a word: YES. What has ole Darryl and his cronies ever do to me?

Let's just say, it's been piling up since about '87 and I'll spare you the burden of putting up with this part of the editorial and continue with some topics, that won't start a lynching, or something.

Have any of you ever been put down, been made fun of, or just treated like crap, cause you're the "new kid"? Well, guess what's been happening at the B.A.K.A. office this past month. A new member signed up barely a month ago and from the word go, he's been going through the wringer. I've talked to this "new kid" and I don't feel I should put him on my "to maim" list. So far, he's a decent guy and in a few months will

feel more comfortable with the other members and even be a productive (There are a few. **Really**) member of the club. It's a pity that some people just aren't giving him a chance, even though these individuals themselves became members just over a year ago. Were they treated like lepers? Did we put them down like they were less than nothing? Somebody's got to start growing up around here and give others the benefit of the doubt. Try it. You might find you are more of a geek than the "new kid" you set out to hurt.

Hey! Guess what B.A.K.A. people. There's a new VCR in the office. It's a JVC and tres hip. Well, I suppose it is. Ya see, there are these features it's got, but we can't use cause

the remote for the unit isn't in the office. As a matter of fact, Marcellous "Muscle Head" Wong of 222 Wolf Ridge Close, has it. Apparently he took the fancy, way cool remote, with the jog shuttle and all, and replaced it with a \$19.95 generic model. Call me picky, but if this piece of B.A.K.A. equipment, was bought with \$450.00 of B.A.K.A. funds, for viewing by B.A.K.A. members, shouldn't, oh maybe **B.A.K.A.** have poccession of the remote that came with the damn VCR? Like, some people would like to have the rewind function work more than half of the time. Don'tcha think "Muscle Head"?





# OPINIONATED

## FLAMING WHEELCHAIRS OF DEATH

*Warren Frey & Michael Walter*

Mike and I have noticed in the last month or so that whenever we venture into the downtown area of our fair city, some fool feels the inexplicable need to comment on Mike's wheelchair. Maybe they feel Mike isn't aware that he's in a chair, and that it's their public duty to point it out. Possibly their mother never loved them. Most probably, the vast majority are merely ignorant buffoons with negligible social skills and even less cognitive ability. We simply don't know. Regardless of the reason, we present here for your reading pleasure a semi-fictional portrait of our downtown adventures. We hope you find it entertaining and, more importantly, excessively violent.

### The interior of the Eaton's Centre/Edmonton Centre Megaplex

Mike: "Here we are at Eaton's Centre. Oh! The people! Oh! The atmosphere! So rrrrazy!"

Warren: "So it is."

Mike: "Like the proverbial monkey."

Warren: "A truer word was never spoken....you know, I think Kafka put it best when he stated..."

Moron #1: "Hey, that guy must have free reign of the mall, man!"

Moron #2: "Huuhnnnhhhhh  
hunnnnnnhhhhhhhh! Funny!"

Warren: "Is that asshole talking to us?"

Mike: "I have no opinion on the subject."

### Edmonton Centre elevator

Warren: "That woman at Eddie Bauer was

gorgeous, and in her 40's too! Bonus!"

Mike: (looking down at sad sea of humanity below him): "You know, a gun would be nice right now <snicker>...."

Old Fool: "You know what you need for that...skunk tipped bullets! Yep...."

Warren & Mike: "Uh-huh." (making "crazy MF" motions to each other)

Old Fool: "Yup, nothin' clears out a building faster than skunk tipped bullets...."

Mike: "This is our floor, this is DEFINITELY our floor, more than at any other time in history, this floor is ours."

Warren: "Let's ride!" (hops on wheelchair)

Mike: "To the library!"

Old Fool: "Wait! Did you know that I have a plate in my head? JFK is talking to me through it! He's on Mars...."

### The library elevator

Mike and Warren (in unison): "If one more person makes a comment about the chair, I know it's drastic, but I'm stoppin' the car."

Alcoholic Library Patron: "How much does one of those things cost?"

Mike: "You're better off buying a car."

Warren: "And once you buy it, I'm stoppin' it. And you WILL be going to bed without dinner young man."

ALP: "These kids today, I just don't know...."

Door opens. Idiot stumbles out.

Mike: "To the military periodicals! Quickly!"

### University LRT station elevator

Mike and Warren: "Sigh...."

Brainless Elderly Bastard: "I sure could use one of those to get around campus."

Mike: "Argggggghhhhh! HE HAS TO DIE!"

Warren holds victim down as Mike begins

massaging the fool's spine with 200 pounds of mobile death. Mike chews the kneecap off the hapless mortal, then spits it in his face. the tortured screams of one elderly bastard's terror echo though the elevator shaft as the life drains from his body.

Mike: "Old fool! Only now, at the end, do you understand. Your feeble powers are no match for the Dark Side! "

Blue lightning bolts fly out of Mike's hands, illuminating the helpless victim, showing his pathetic nature to its fullest.

Warren: "Mike! This is too evil! Stop! You don't know what you're doing!....Ah hell, move over and let me join in."

Warren pummels the victim, battering his skull against the door, which suddenly opens, causing the old fool to stumble out onto the LRT tracks. To his surprise, a train is bearing down on him. He looks up, and through a supreme act of will, shoots upwards, grasping the third wire. Ten thousand volts course through

his battered body. The train passes. On the tracks, where the man once stood, is slowly forming a puddle of pinkish goo.

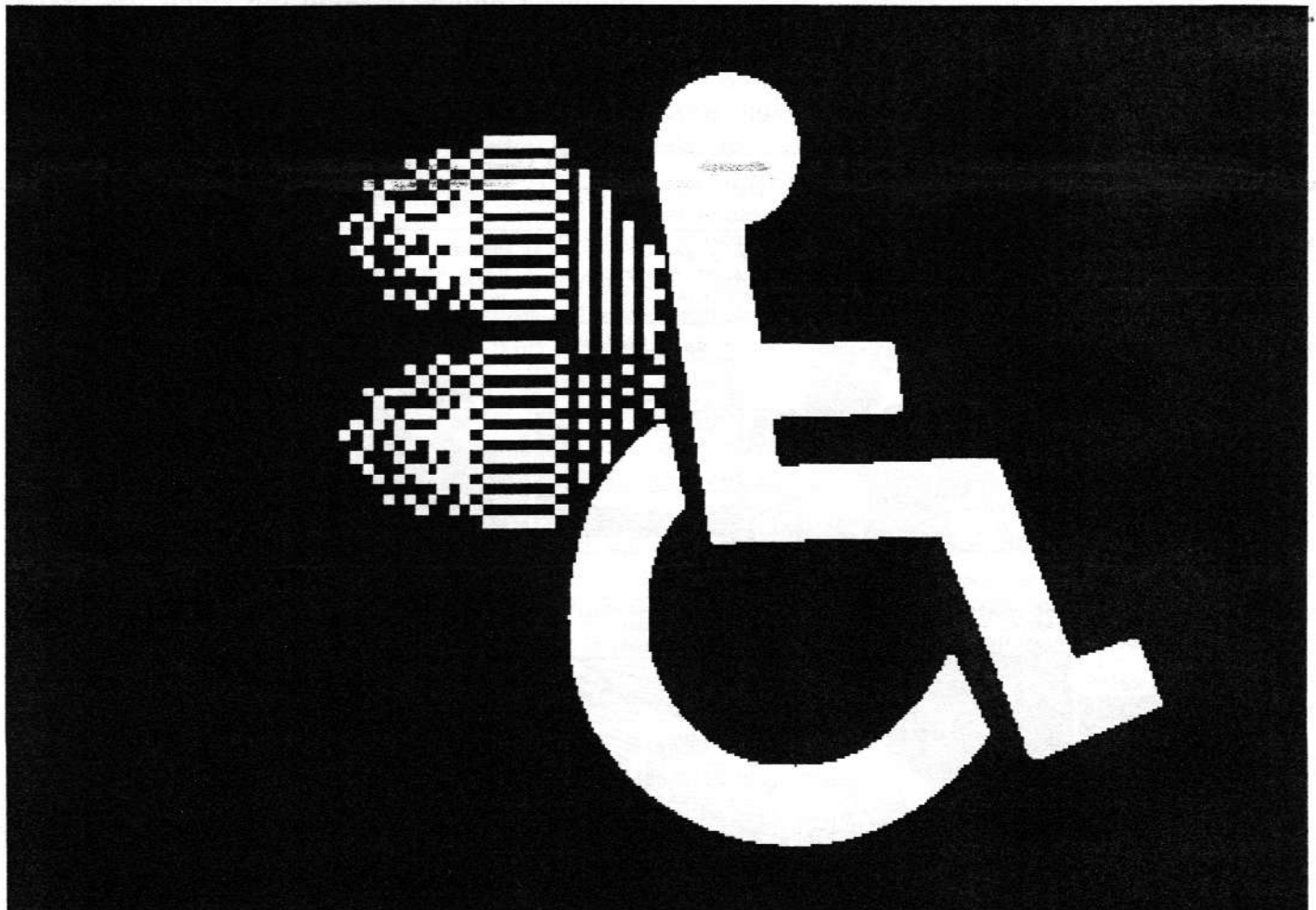
Mike: "Get a bucket to clean him up, and make sure it has wheels on it. Wouldn't want to disregard his last wishes.

**MOOHHAHAHAHAHA!!!**

And so it ends.

Mike: "No, it is not the end, it is only the beginning. I am UNSTOPPABLE."

Well, you can almost count on there being a Part 2 to this story, thanks to the fact where there are malls there are morons. Morons are stupid, but when it comes to making idiotic remarks about wheelchairs, they ARE remarkably inventive. Hopefully, we'll be able to implement into actual practice the utter carnage we have until now simply written about. Until then, sayonara.



# Speaker's Corner

AMS Soap Box

## The Rat Race

*Craig Madill & Michael Walter*

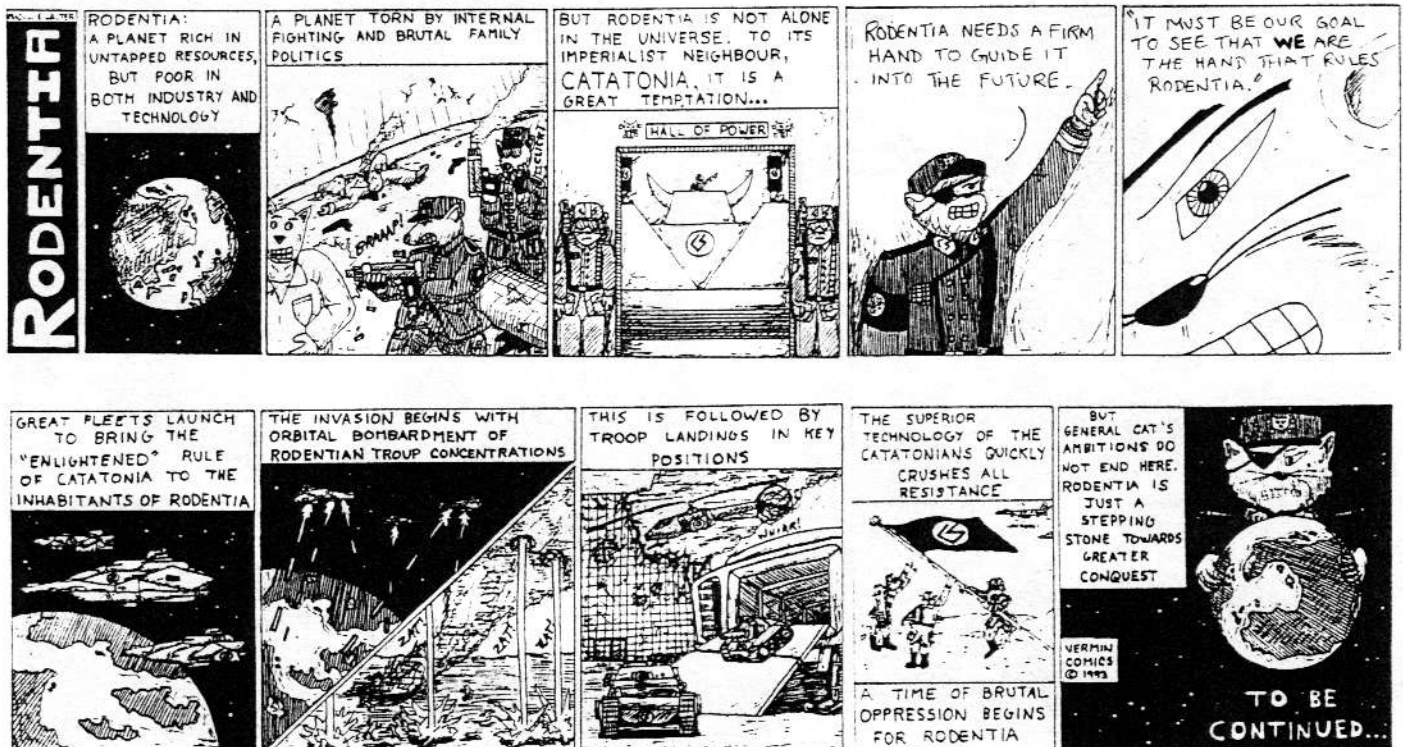
During the last part of our summer holidays, we decided to draw this comic for the *Gateway*. We took it to the comic editor, a.k.a. Fish, to see if he would like to publish it in the paper. He said that although it wasn't quite formatted correctly he would reformat it and publish it for us. We volunteered to reformat it for him, but he said it wasn't a problem. The comic was suppose to have been in the next Tuesday's paper but wasn't, nor was it in the Thursday edition. When it was absent for a second Tuesday, we went to talk to Fish, but to no avail. He said that we needed to reformat it, even though he had said he would do it before, as well as saying that the lettering was too small. We decided to reduce our strip to the size it would be normally (we draw it double size) and saw that the lettering was comparable with that of other strips. We kind of figured that he was dicking around, but we

found out for sure from Winson, who had been talking to Fish and who had been told that the reason it wasn't published was that Fish didn't like it. Why couldn't he have just told us that, I wonder?

Well, enough griping. This comic is actually something that has been brewing in our minds for quite a long time. In fact, we first invented the Catatonians and Dogmanians (to appear later) back in grade one. The Rodentians were thought of the year after, though at that time the idea was of mice fighting rats. That gradually evolved to a point where they were joined as one group. The two lines of comics that appear with this blurb are only an introduction, but we have many distinct characters that we will be introducing later.

Well, they might be coming later. You see, we will only continue drawing this comic for *Full Moon Story* if the readers like it. So that means that anybody who has any opinion about *Rodentia* should tell it to the editors of AMS.

We hope you enjoy it.





# Fortuna

Wolf Wikeley

Today, the naming of the city Kiyomizu is a lie, an old habit that once bore truth and now bears little. One could take it as whimsical or sarcastic, to call the sprawling city a place of clear water. I would call it instead an insult. An insult to the beauty I once knew. To the place of my memory, six years ago, amid the encapsulating midori and the peacefulness harvested from the very air. The real Kiyomizu existed only then and there...

I was walking through a cathedral of trees, and their very presence was an invaluable gift to me. Three days across the desert had hardened me to the searing, blinding sun, yet now I was exploring the succulent tenderness of flower petals and emerald leaves as I walked. The shade afforded by the trees, some needled and some leafy, provided a delightful respite from the blaze of direct sunlight. Moreover, the sun was slowly descending on the horizon. I would keep walking north until it set, and then I would sleep. Better, I thought, than on any of the three previous nights.

Pondering the impossibility of this lively forest in the middle of featureless miles of devastation, I happened upon yet another miracle as I stepped quietly over fallen needles and leaves. It was a spring - scarcely after I first heard its gentle sound, I had arrived at the source through a veil of bushes and reeds. Beautifully clear, crystalline water was pouring up out of a crack between some rounded gray stones, and collecting in a transparent pool. Partly because my water bottle was empty, and partly to convince myself that it was real, no cruel illusion like travellers sometimes fall prey to, I dropped to my knees, cupped my hands, dipped them into the pool, and gratefully received a long-awaited drink.

"Ah, tsumetai!" I was startled to hear my own voice cry out in Kansai. I hadn't exchanged words with another person in over a week, and I was not normally the sort of person to think aloud. But the delicious coldness of the water was precious and merited praise in earnest. Its purity had a divine sweetness, which made the water I was accustomed to - dirty, polluted, recycled - seem like a demon's curse which I'd been lucky to escape.

Naturally, I could not resist the temptation of this enrapturing blessing from nature; I regarded my brass pendant briefly to remind Buddha of my loyal gratitude, then slowly let my bags off my shoulders and untied the belt of my sand-tone yukata. These were preparations not only for a night's stay by the side of the spring-pool, but also for a cold bath, to be enjoyed immediately. Thought the water was at most three feet deep, the pool's diameter was a spacious twenty feet or so. Whether the pool was natural, or whether it could somehow have been made by people, I really wasn't concerned. I was quite occupied by the sweet coolness of the water surrounding me, and by the calming of my heart as I relaxed with closed eyes...

When I awoke, three things startled me, immediately making my heart jump. First, I was surprised that I had fallen asleep so quickly and effortlessly. Second, I was shocked by the midnight, moonlit blackness. Third, the retraction of soft fingertips from my forehead and a brief, feminine gasp were what truly caught my attention. Illuminated by the ghostly pallor of the moon, she seemed to be completely white - almost fluorescent. Her hair was at least four feet long, the same bleached-rice tone as her skin, and it fell in waves across her shoulders, concealing some of her form but not all. If I stood up, she would definitely

run, I thought. If I spoke, she might run, too. I didn't want her to do that. My God, she's beautiful, I thought. White like paper, like silk. Slender, angular, long...

"Please don't run," I said, in the softest voice I could, choosing English just to be more universal. "I won't hurt you." She seemed to calm down, and I carefully watched the muscles of her bare thighs and her shoulders - brushed over by her cascade of ivory hair - relax by a degree. There was a wariness in her eyes which struck me as quite measured, but she slowly reached out her hand again, proffered it. Offering to help me up. Gingerly and shyly, I took her small, delicate hand in mine, and lifted myself to a full stance.

"Peaceful," she said; the sound of her voice was soft, precious, like the clarity of the water and the smoothness of silk. "So I did not think to disturb you."

"It's all right," I responded. "I shouldn't have fallen asleep. It's... It's lovely to have been woken by you. Do you live here?"

"Yes." Looking more closely, noting that her height nearly matched mine, I guessed that she was very close to my age. Still a girl, but almost an adult. "I have been here for six years. Watching the forest grow. And you are my first real company."

"I see," I said. Something about her speech, about each syllable of femininely-soft intonation, was as bright as her silhouette in the moonglow. She was perceptibly anxious, perhaps frightened, but she contained it very well. "Did you make a special effort to greet the bothersome visitor, or do you always look this beautiful?" Perhaps it was a mischievous question.

"How would you like me to greet my honoured guest?" she asked in turn, with the mischief of a cat at night. Playful, delicate, yet assured. "I was

bathing when I noticed you. Should I run? Should I hide? Should I see if you are all right? I chose the latter." She turned her right ear slightly towards me, sending a ripple through her luxuriant locks. "If I offend you, please tell me at once." Her smile was modest, not overwhelming - just a delightful detail.

"No." I tried to chuckle, but it became a nervous cough. "Your kindness embarrasses me, the intruder, the receiver..." Her scent was like the taste of the water; it surrounded me, even from three feet away. My reaction was almost embarrassing. "I have nothing, but allow me to offer you everything I have, in gratitude for your gentleness. Your yasashisa." I had to use the Japanese, for it meant both gentleness and generosity at the same time. She nodded, as if she understood everything, regardless of the one-word shift.

"Being that my company is so little to offer," she said quietly. "I hesitate to ask the honour of yours... But that is all I ask..."

"It is nothing to give," I said. "Please forgive me... I'm always frightened that I will scare you or offend you..."

"If you do either, I can hide so quickly that you'll never find me," she told me, and I frowned, showing her that I didn't like that idea. "Why don't you put something on? I'll meet you by your bags."

"I'll start a fire, if that's okay."

"Ii wa yo," she returned in Japanese, with a mild Kansai accent.

There was no danger in the small fire, no threat to the healthy, strong trees around us, only warmth and inviting light. Both the girl and I sat on stones brought from the pool's edge; I wore my black zubon and my white yukata, and she was wrapped in a pink kimono. In the better light afforded by the modest blaze, I could discern that she was perhaps two years older than I, and indeed as pale white as paper. A unique and special girl I was enraptured to talk with.

"What is your name?" she asked,

after sipping some water from a bamboo cup. She had given me a similar one.

"Kitamoto Hiromu," I said. "I come from Ishika community... Yours?"

"Fortuna..." She seemed to contemplate her own name for a long moment. "I don't know how or why. But that is what I am called."

"Are you completely alone here?" I asked, indicating with a gesture of my hand the surrounding forest.

"No," she said, mildly admonishing. She tapped my forearm gently with her fingertip. "You're here with me."

At once, it was a direct and indirect answer to my question; her wit made me smile easily.

I'd find my  
future... And  
everybody's  
future... I never  
did understand  
that...

"You're a very exceptional girl," I told her, and she bowed her head humbly. "I couldn't have imagined anyone more beautiful. Really." She shrank away from my compliment, embarrassed.

"Too kind," she said. "But I'm very different... You seem normal."

"I like you because you aren't," I told her boldly. She shook her head softly. A gentle breeze fluttered by, whipping her hair up momentarily, and drawing a few brief sparks from the fire.

"You've only known me for a very short time," she said. "How can you know?"

"I just do..." I leaned closer to her, watching the flames dance in her beautiful blue eyes. "How can I prove it

to you?" I had a brief flash of what it would be like to kiss her, to feel her sweet lips pulling and gently pressing on mine. To feel her slender arms around me and her fragrant hair rippling over me. The kind of momentary fantasy I'm still prone to at twenty-two years.

"Stay with me," she said. "For a while. And be my friend."

With that, she leaned still closer to me, lifted her hair up and over my shoulders. Instantly intoxicated by its honey-sweet fragrance, I felt my eyes drop shut, barely sensed myself being caught up in her gentle arms. And then I was fast asleep...

I awoke to be momentarily stunned by the rising sun, blocked out an instant later by the gentle face of Fortuna. Immediately dissolving the illusory, fleeting fantasies of the night's dreams - all of which, I think, were about her - I rose to a seated position. She must have unrolled my sleeping mat for me, for I was on it, and she was kneeling Japanese-style beside me. As my eyes adjusted to the pink-tinted early morning light, I noted that she was wearing a light pink jacket and a pair of short zubon, over a white thermal body suit, and beneath a long white cloak. Her ivory hair was gathered loosely towards the back; I could barely see the tips of her ears, and they were somehow unusual.

"Ohayo gozaimasu," she said - formal Kanto for 'good morning'. "Yoku nemuremashita? Were you able to sleep well?"

"Yes," I told her. She offered me a bamboo cup full of water, which I gladly accepted with both hands, and we drank together. The water, I was certain, was from the spring-pool; it had the same pure sweetness. "I can't fathom how I fell asleep so quickly... The last thing I remember is..." She gave a subtle, gentle, embarrassed sound, like a self-conscious giggle. "What?"

"I'm sorry... I might have remembered... I wanted to... hug you, because I was so delighted to have



made a friend, and because it was so late, and actually because I was a bit frightened... But my hair... It put you to sleep..." She smiled an unforgivably cute, girlish, self-effacing smile.

"Wakannai," I muttered, unfathoming of her meaning.

"Wakannaitte?" she asked, that fact seeming to pose some difficulty. "Saa... You were tired already. When you... touch my hair, or breath right by my hair... It makes you fall asleep... I remember the first time that happened to someone... But they were pulling my hair so it was a good thing. This, I guess, wasn't..." She took a long sip of her water. "I'm sorry..."

"It's, ah... It's okay..." I smiled blankly and dumbly. "I understand. Well, no, I don't understand, really." She giggled again, and it was contagious for a second. "But it's all right... I needed the sleep anyway... Did you sleep all right? I suppose you can't put yourself to sleep with that beautiful hair of yours?"

She averted her eyes, embarrassed.

"No, of course not. I slept quite well... I was right, over there." She pointed to her own futon, about six metres away among the trees.

"Thank-you for rolling out my bed," I said, finishing my water. She nodded, as if it had been a negligible effort. "Well, I've got to have something for breakfast. What about you?"

She regarded her cup deliberately, almost quizzically.

"No, thank-you. I've already had breakfast."

A few minutes later, I was rummaging through my supplies, after changing into a clean shirt and zubon, when Fortuna presented me with a couple of small fresh fish and another cup full of water. She must only just have caught the fish; her short zubon were wet up to her hips, and she was carrying the cloak over her arm. The sun was rising higher in the sky, giving more accent to the brilliant white of her hair and skin.

"I thought you might like this better than what you have stored away in those bags..." Speechless, I accepted

the fish with both hands, bowing gratefully. "They're hardly a prize, but they're the best I could find..."

"Thank-you... Thank-you very much... Are you sure you won't have any?" She nodded gently, indicating that she was sure. "Then at least drink with me while I eat..."

"Do you have anything planned for today?" she asked, after I had finished the last of the fish. They had been delicious, and I told her so, to which she responded with shyness.

"My goal had been to reach somewhere where I could rest safely... I suppose I'm here, so there's nothing else planned, really," I told her.

"Your goal?"

"Given to me by my parents. They... they died a few years ago. They wanted me to be safe... And my father said to me to find a place with clear water, because there I'd find my future... And everybody's future... I never did understand that..."

"My parents are dead, too... I hardly remember them... This place has very clear water, as I'm sure you have noticed... Have you found your future yet?" she asked. I still marvelled at the soft, pleasant, musical sound of her voice. And her blue eyes were unfathomable. I regarded her without intruding or staring.

"I don't know... What do you do around here?" She looked away for a moment, modestly.

"Nothing very exciting. Sometimes I wander around. Sometimes I gather plants or fish once in a while. And I always bathe..." She reached for her water jug, poured for me, then for herself.

"That's not... That's not something we can do together," I said. She met my eyes for a curious moment, then looked over at the pool. "However, perhaps we could go for a walk together. Show me around the forest. How far can you walk before you're out of the trees?"

"I have walked for a day or more without leaving the forest. It depends upon the route..." She rose, pulling the

cloak over her pink jacket and pants. "Anything you don't need should be safe right here." I, too, rose, straightening my own fading red shirt. She took my hand briefly in hers, and an incredibly pleasant sensation danced along my fingertips. "Thank-you, Hiromu, for coming with me..."

"Thank-you for letting me, Fortuna."



Author's Note: This short story was half written in Kyoto, Japan, the city where the actual temple of Kiyomizu still exists. It is an excerpt from a very long story called "Fleshtone Mosaic 4015", in which Hiromu Kitamoto and Lady Fortuna are major characters. This work is not complete by far, and very little of it has been formally recorded. Simply put, it commences in a futuristic Earth society where chemical and nuclear holocaust has lead to the coexistence of humans and para-human mutants. Most of these mutants have metamorphic abilities and are seen as lower forms of life by the government and some other military organizations. Some of the mutants have taken a single, stable form, which can metabolize water for energy and which can defend itself biochemically from other organisms. This life form is called the Destiny. In the first series of "Fleshtone Mosaic 4015", there is a tragic love story between a young missionary (Hiromu) and the first Destiny (Fortuna). In the second story, there is a cataclysmic war between the Humans and Destinies of Earth, and a race of Destinies from across the Galaxy. In the third story (still in progress), the remaining white Destinies try to make it all up to the Humans by creating an alternate reality to play in, where there are no risks and only rewards. Please consider this small excerpt from the dark "Fleshtone Mosaic" universe as part one of a possible many...



# The Sound of...

AMS Music Review

Wallace Harshaw

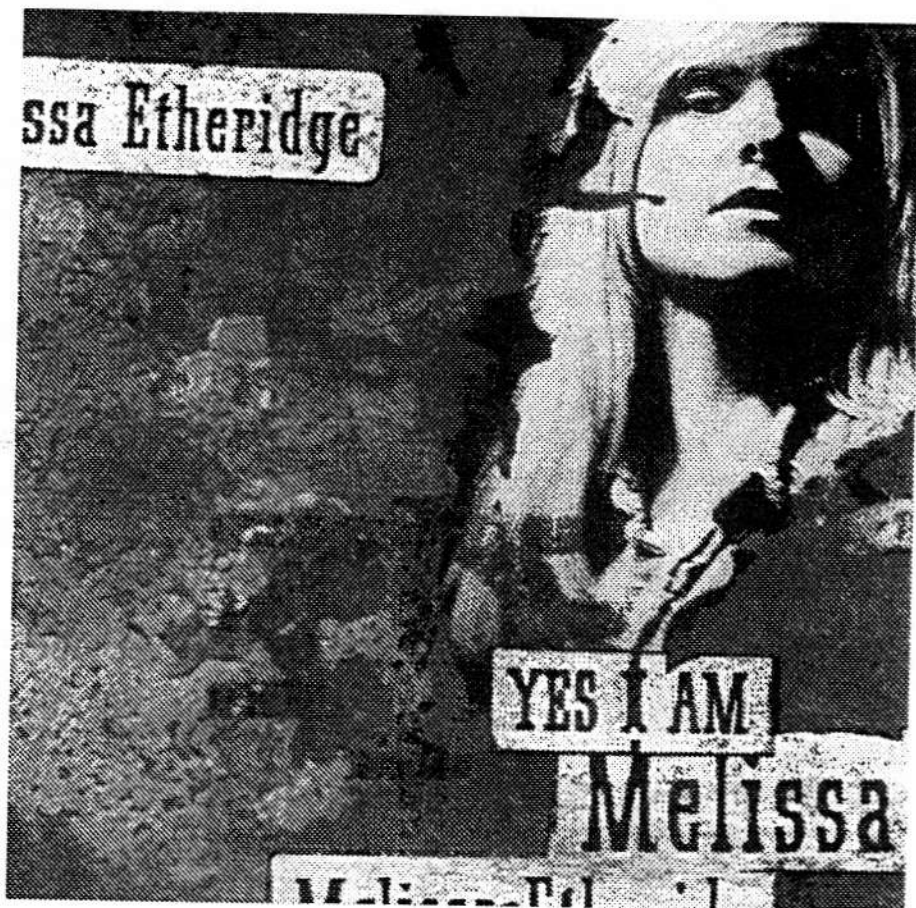
- |                              |      |
|------------------------------|------|
| [1] I'm The Only One         | 4:54 |
| [2] If I Wanted To           | 3:55 |
| [3] Come To My Window        | 3:55 |
| [4] Silent Legacy            | 5:22 |
| [5] I Will Never Be The Same | 4:41 |
| [6] All American Girl        | 4:05 |
| [7] Yes I Am                 | 4:24 |
| [8] Resist                   | 2:57 |
| [9] Ruins                    | 4:53 |
| [10] Talking To My Angel     | 4:48 |

"If I wanted to I could be as patient as death  
Fix this whole in my heart leaking into my flesh"

On every disc Melissa has released to date, there is always at least one track that reaches out through the Paradigm Studio Monitors and grabs hold of my hypothalamus and never lets go until I'm wrung dry of emotion. The miracle of this is that it never leaves me feeling like I've been victim to the degradations and predations that are often the subject of her songs. Never leaves me sickened from an overdose of saccharine, never leaves me with a trace of pitying disgust. It takes me right through emotional exhaustion and straight out the other side where you sit up and and go "Shit. That's what the hell is going on."

Commentary and insight, without being soporifically sentimental. Real emotions, fully rounded, felt by real people. How they build them and are built by them, how they wear them down and are worn down by them. Whitney Houston, get a real job and let this woman sing, 'cause you don't know Diddy in comparison. Love, Life, & People. That's the content of this disc. Underlaid with a solid whack of straight-ahead bluesy-rock that if I did dance would have me out on the floor non-stop.

sssa Etheridge



"Please baby can't you see  
My mind's a burnin' hell  
I got razors a rippin' and tearin' and strippin'  
my heart apart as well"

On *Yes I Am*, that track is also the first track. After tearing off the shrink-wrap and firing the disc into the CD player and hitting "go", I was sucked in and didn't blink until I realized what I was hearing was silence. Performance and quality is a consistent top rung achievement across the whole of the disc. The mood swings from near frantic exultation to slow, cool burning sorrow to disbelieving rage to simple sheer amazement at both the depths of troubles people can get buried under, and the astonishing strength they can sometimes bring to bear under the load, even if it's only for a short, restive moment. There's a cathartic release hiding here for both the cynic and the lovestruck alike.

The lyrics are rock solid and keep flowing, dragging you across a current of frothing guitar. This is her fourth disc, and she hit the ground running full stride and shows no signs of flagging yet. Five tusks out of five from this marine mammal.



# SOUNDSCAPE

*Wolf Wikeley*

Music Editor's Note: Because of the ungloriously volume-less quantity of contributions I've received for the **SOUNDSCAPE** section, it's going to be quite short this month, and naturally very one-sided in its spin. But, well, this is a pretty opinionated magazine anyway; I think most of our readers find that to be one of its strongest points.

**Radio:** This month, I must admit, I haven't been listening to the radio as regularly as I used to. I mean, turn on the Bear any morning these days, and you're lucky to get five minutes of music between fifteen minutes of offensive blithering, blabbering, and generally showing of the cavernously empty character of the DJs' crania. Unless I'm in the mood to surround myself with rectal/gluteal obsession or unless I want to play some inane word game, I generally don't find any satisfaction on the radio any more. Go back to your mandate, Bear! **PLAY ROCK AND ROLL!**

**Television:** Nothing has managed to top the quality of the Levi's Loose Fit Jeans score so far. However, there is one particular commercial which has caught my ear. It's an American commercial for a carpet deodorizer - Arm & Hammer, I believe. (That is not a company endorsement). While watching images of cats, dogs, and other stinky things sinking from a cloudy sky into a once-fresh carpet, you're sure to catch the strange, outlandish music. Most importantly, this music strikes me as a direct rip-off of the "Dolls' Polyphony" and other tracks from the *Akira* soundtrack. Surely this monumental work of the Geinoh Yamashirogumi, which far outclasses the unpleasant and grim film it was made for, doesn't deserve to be duplicated in a commercial for carpet powder. Still, it's a cool ad; I wonder if that stuff could remove the stink from the turf of the Tokyo olympic coliseum after Tetsuo and the Amazing Technicolour Yawn...

**Music Video:** In a world of grieving artist

wannabes, it's often hard to distinguish the real stuff from the crap. Like I've said, The Tea Party is crap. There's no genuine spirit to what they're doing; they're just groaning to the tune of guitars way too good for them to be abusing. But then again, we've got this new "Possession" video by Sarah MacLachlan. I've got to wonder about the merit of this video. Where's all the mummification, skin, and religion reflected in the lyrics? Why don't we see the dude's face that Sarah's hugging all the time? I know I wouldn't be ashamed to have people know Sarah MacLachlan was hugging me in a video. I'd want people to see who I was so I could boast. And seriously, there's no sense or coordination in the images, not to my seasoned eye for literary criticism. I see a bunch of images that are made to appear loaded but really contain nothing but... **MONEY!** Depressing, to see an artist of MacLachlan's calibre stooping to this level of senseless video production - but I bet it's not her fault. And still, it beats the tar out of any other new video on the market! I'd rather watch the imagery of "Possession" any day, than watch something like "Tribal Dance" by 2 Unlimited. Tribe? I don't think they've ever heard tribal music, personally - I've never known of any tribe that had TR-808s and the like! Why don't you use some of that money, travel, see the real world, and take pictures so you'll remember what it's like, people?!

**Music Software:** I haven't bought anything new this month, so I'd like to spotlight the career of Andreas Vollenweider. (For all those who don't like harps and guitars and lutes and other such pretty instruments, skip the next section and find a wall to bang your head on). Vollenweider is a Swiss musician, specializing in the unique sound of the electro-acoustic harp, an instrument which he created in the late seventies. On each album, he brings together his trademark harp, plus ensembles of other sounds ranging from real tribal flutes and drums to synthesizers. His music is

calm and meditative, with a beautifully natural quality, and I'd recommend it for anyone interested in romantic or relaxing music. The works by Vollenweider currently available on CD are: *Behind the Gardens...*, *Caverna Magica*, *White Winds*, *Down to the Moon*, *Dancing with the Lion* and *Book of Roses*. Of these, *Book of Roses* is his weakest work, using far too many European and non-exotic instruments, and drifting too far from the original soul of the harp. *White Winds* is the calmest, most relaxing, and is also the best digital recording.

### Music

**Hardware:** This month, I'll tell you what to look for in a Mini-system.

First, power is important. You might as well get as much bang for your buck as you can - so make it no less than thirty watts per channel. Second,

efficiency of the Dolby B NR is important. On pre-recorded cassettes, most of the high-range sounds have

been lost through multiple dubs and filters, so you don't get fluctuation of the high-end signal when using B NR. However, if you use a dub directly off a studio sub-master (example: *TRIPS*, by WW), you can hear major fluctuations on reverberant high frequency signals. The better the NR, the less you'll hear such fluctuations, so be sure to use this tape as a reference when testing Mini-systems. Finally, you should look for control features. How intelligent is its control array? How easy is it to use? How big is the remote? What is the remote's range? How pretty are all the blinking and flashing

lights? Is the control full-logic? These questions must be answered before you make a down payment, otherwise you're wasting money. Finally, my recommendation for the best Mini-system under a thousand dollars: The AIWA NSX-3500. Check it out!

**Music Media:** Not much news. I've spoken with a Sony representative who claims that the MD has the same dynamic range as CD, just a less complete signal in terms of scansion. The same man also claimed that DAT is still the best medium for home recording use. Finally, I

recommend for analogue tape the TDK MA-110 unit. It's reliable, and holds a signal almost as well as the Sony Metal Master.

### Musical

#### Instruments:

Think twice about buying Series A guitars - and then think a third time. Series A's plant in Korea also makes Vantage and Epiphone guitars, and according to my source at Mr. Entertainment,

Epiphone's Les Paul fake is better constructed than the original Gibson itself! By the way, if you're thinking of shopping at Lillo's, talk to me before you throw your money away; I no longer endorse that store!

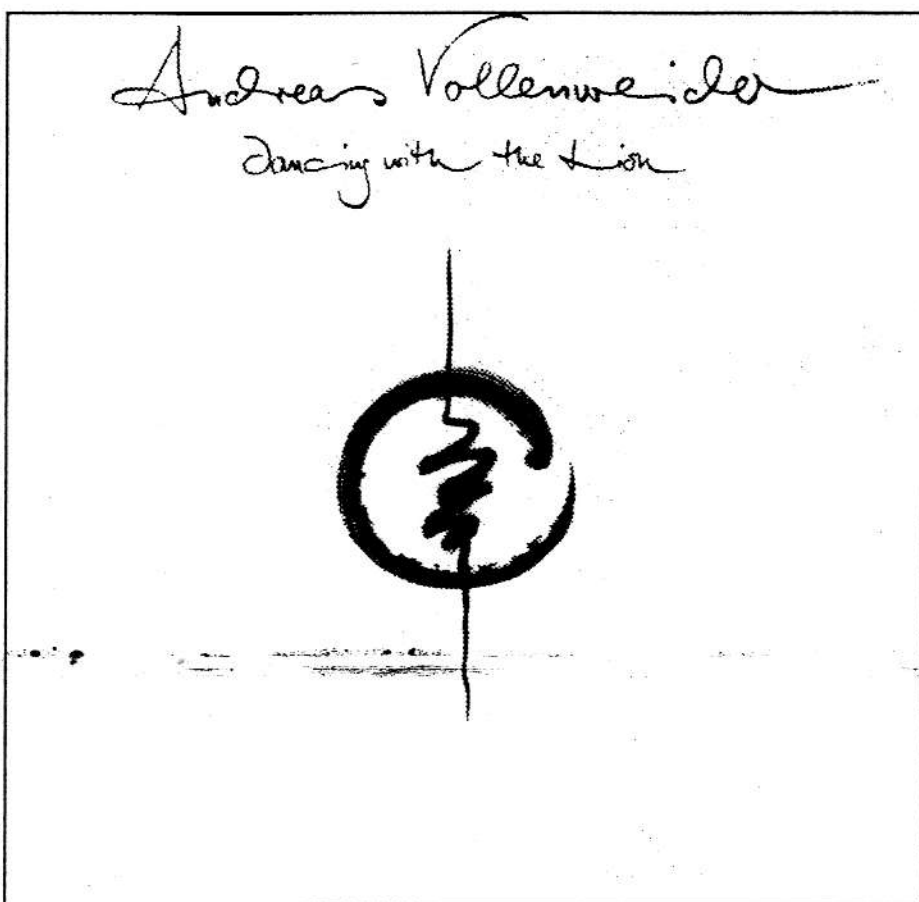
### Wolf's Pack:

Radio: "Off" position.

Television: Arm & Hammer Carpet Deodorizer

Video: "Possession" - Sarah MacLachlan

CD: *White Winds* - Andreas Vollenweider





# Hollywood Minute

Warren Frey

As many of you know, I see altogether too many movies. Rather than just sit there and absorb the celluloid, I figured I should write a review every month and advise you of what's hot, what's not and what lies in between in the shadow land of mediocrity. Pretty neat, huh? Without any further ado, let's begin.

**A Bronx Tale:** Robert De Niro is widely regarded as one of the world's best actors, but with over 20 years of experience in the film industry, *A Bronx Tale* marks the first time the talented star has actually directed a film. So, have all those years of hanging around with Martin Scorsese given De Niro the necessary skill to helm a major motion picture? My verdict would have to be an unequivocal yes. While the plot, which revolves around a young man's conflict between love for his father and loyalty to the local mafioso is strictly standard issue, the film shines in bringing out strong characterizations of its main characters. The mafia boss, played by Chaz Palimeter, is not a mere "tough guy" figure, but instead is brought to the screen as a three dimensional human being, with glaring flaws, times of startling violence but also a caring nature towards the young protagonist and an intelligence not seen in most screen heavies. De Niro also does a very fine job of playing the working class father, injecting just the right note of honesty and toughness in a role that could have degenerated into a cliché. The use of music bears mentioning as well. Many songs from the 1960's and '70's are used to good effect in the film, including the Beatles "Come Together", which sets the perfect tone for a fight between Hell's Angels and local Bronx toughs at one point in the film. All in all, *A Bronx Tale* is a film worth checking out. ★★ out of a possible 4.

**Malice:** *Malice* is a fairly ordinary thriller, with fairly ordinary performances from a fairly ordinary cast. However, for some reason it remains watchable, despite the fact that it really has nothing to distinguish it from countless other films of its ilk. Perhaps it stems from the

extremely amiable cast. Bill Pullman, Alec Baldwin and Nicole Kidman are all competent actors, and Kidman in particular is easy on the eyes. I don't honestly know, but I do know that I didn't mind this film all that much, although I found nothing particularly stunning about it, either. ★★ 1/2 out of 4.

**Demolition Man:** I have to say at the outset that *Demolition Man* has a fantastic look to it. The art direction, production design and special effects all contribute to what amounts to some outstanding cinematography. "Man" also has a lot of good ideas going for it, revolving as it does around the concept of a future society in which crime has been eliminated and Los Angeles has become something of a "Brave New World" utopian tyranny, where everyone is so happy that they have no regard for their own freedom. There are nice touches, such as an automatic "swear tax" whenever the displaced hero and villain utter one of their trademark expletives, or the fact that the oldies stations of the future play nothing but commercial jingles. These are all neat ideas to play around with, especially in an action film, but *Demolition Man* fails in that it uses up all its good ideas in the first half of the film. From there it degenerates into a standard "goodie vs. baddie" actioner and never really recovers from the drop in momentum. Added to this is the fact that Wesley Snipes, who is a talented actor and usually puts a spirited performance into his characters. However, I found Snipes' portrayal of Simon Phoenix to be mildly diverting at best and downright annoying at worst. Still, *Demolition Man* is an action film at heart, and it delivers the requisite explosions and gunplay quite competently. It is unfortunate however that it doesn't live up to its full potential, especially with so many other films with less imagination flooding the market. ★★ 1/2 out of 4.

In the next month or so I hope to be able to review the Ted Turner Civil War epic "Gettysburg", Tim Burton's stop-motion "The Nightmare Before Christmas" and David Cronenberg's newest work, "M. Butterfly". Until then, if you happen to see Mark Horton, cuff him one on the head for me.

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